Barnaby was a rabbit with very simple wishes—a crunchy carrot, a soft pile of hay, and just one gentle scratch behind his ears. Sadly, these were treats he hadn't seen in a long time. His cage was shoved into a dusty corner of the laundry room, where the loud, rumbling dryer was his only friend. His water bowl was often empty, and the beautiful, sunny world outside the tiny, blurry window felt like a magical place he would never get to visit. Barnaby felt sad and lonely, but he

decided he wasn't going to wait around to be forgotten anymore.

With a determined twitch of his nose, Barnaby looked at the corner of his cage. He knew he had to do something brave, so he started to gnaw on the plastic frame. It was hard work, and his teeth felt a little tired, but every tiny piece of plastic he chewed away made him feel stronger. He worked quietly all through the night while the house was fast asleep, focused only on the dream of playing in the tall, green grass. By the time the first light of dawn peeked through the window, he had created a gap just big enough to squeeze his fluffy body through.

Slipping out of the cage felt like magic. The laundry room was cold and smelled like soap, but he could smell the fresh, sweet air coming from a crack in the back door. Barnaby moved quickly and quietly, hopping over piles of old clothes and around heavy boots. Even though he was nervous, his heart beat fast with excitement. Every little sound made him stop and listen, but he was too brave to turn back now. He was finally on an adventure!

When he reached the back door, he found a perfect little hole where the wood had worn away. He squeezed through the gap, feeling the rough wood brush against his fur, and suddenly, he was outside! The morning sun felt warm and golden on his back, and the world was even bigger than he had imagined. It was so bright that he had to blink his eyes a few times to get used to the dazzling light. Everything

looked so colorful and new compared to his dim corner in the house.

The grass beneath his paws felt cool and ticklish, just like he had imagined. Barnaby took a giant hop, then another, feeling the wind zoom past his long ears. He raced past bright flowers that swayed in the breeze and dodged around giant garden pots. It was like a playground built just for him! He sniffed the air, smelling clover and sweet rain, and he felt happier than he had ever been in his whole life.

He didn't need a map or a plan, because every direction was a brand new discovery. He stopped near a sparkling little stream to look at his reflection, realizing he wasn't a lonely pet in a cage anymore—he was an explorer. The world was big, exciting, and full of wonders waiting to be found. As he hopped toward the distant woods, Barnaby knew he had made the best decision ever. He was free, he was brave, and now, the whole wide world was his home.